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JOHN FOXE, THE MARTYROLOGIST.

Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" was more of a classic with our fathers than with the present generation. With their minds inflamed by its minute particulars of the trials "of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment," that the faithful followers of Christ, "of whom the world was not worthy," were compelled to undergo, and its pictorial representation of their tortures by rack and fire and sword, it is no wonder that they cherished an abiding and a bitter hate of the papal persecutors whose cruel and blood-thirsty fanaticism had caused such wide-spread terror, suffering, and desolation.

John Foxe was born at Boston, Eng., in 1517, was educated at Oxford, was elected a fellow of Magdalen College, and early gained a reputation for scholarship. On studying the controversy between Popery and Protestantism, he embraced the principles of the Reformation for which he was expelled from his fellowship. Being also deprived of his patrimony, he was left in great straits, but after a time was ordained deacon by Bishop Ridley, in 1550, and preached the doctrines of the Reformation at Reigate. On the accession of Queen Mary he fled to the Continent, finding an asylum at Basle. At the suggestion of Lady Jane Grey he had commenced a history of the Christian persecutions in Latin. At Basle he received help in his work from other distinguished exiles. The first outline of the work appeared in 1554, and the first complete edition was published at Strasburg in 1559. When Elizabeth came to the throne he returned to England and, in 1563, the first edition of the "Book of Martyrs" in English was published. Its full title was "Acts and Monuments of these Latter and Perillous Dayes, touching matters of the Church, wherein are comprehended and described the great Persecutions and horrible troubles that have been wrought and practiced by the Romishe Prelates, especiallye in this Realme of England and Scotland, from the yeare of our Lord a thousande to the time now present. Gathered and collected according to the true copies wrytinges certificatorie as well of the parties themselves that suffered, as also out of the Bishops' Registers, which were the Doers thereof, by John Foxe."

The book gained an immediate popularity, the English people having a fresh memory of the horrors of the persecutions under Mary. The Government commanded it to be placed in each parish church and in the hall of every Episcopal palace. As has been said, "More than any other influence it fanned the flame of that fierce hatred of Spain and the Inquisition which was the master-passion of the reign. Since then it has gone through numerous editions, and is still a power in Protestantism.

In his early life, after being disfellowshipped and disinherited, in very destitute circumstances he went to London. Having no great resources, and meeting with few friends, he was soon reduced to abject poverty, the produce of his own industry and the gifts of kindness being equally exhausted. St. Paul's Church was then the principal place of resort both for company and business. To this place Mr. Foxe one day repaired, and sat down in the utmost dejection. His eyes were hollow, his countenance was wan, and his whole appearance betokened such squalid poverty that the passengers shrank from a person whose extreme emaciation resembled the ghastliness of death. But at length a person he had never seen before addressed him, presented him with a sum of money, encouraged him by kind expressions of solicitude and regard and told him to hope for the termination of his wretchedness. Mr. Foxe retired, penetrated with a sense of the compassion of God, and animated with confidence in his promises and grace. Three days afterwards the Duchess of Richmond made him tutor to the children of the Earl of Surrey, then under her care.

Our illustration represents this providential help thus given to the man who afterwards became so celebrated in the history of the church. —*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

RELIEVING JOHN FOXE IN ST.

NEGLECT OF OPPORTUNITIES.

A resident in any place may justly feel ashamed of unfamiliarity with its objects of interest. Yet it often happens that the stranger is the only sight-seer, while the citizen neglects the curiosities at his very door. The *English Illustrated Magazine* cites the following example, in connection with the visit of a Chicago man to the old Norman keep at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"I consider," said the tourist, "that it's about the most interesting thing I've seen since I've been on this side."

His listeners nodded, though it was probable that they had not been inside the keep for years.

"And what do you think was the strangest thing I noticed when in your castle?" continued the visitor. "It was this: that Jones here, who, at my request, took me to the place, a place worth crossing the Atlantic to see, informed me that he was never in it before!—your fellow-citizen Jones, who passes it every day of his life!"

Jones blushed, but quickly recovered his usual self-possession.

"And pray, sir," said he, "how often, may I ask, have you been inside the Chicago stock-yards?"

The citizen of Chicago smiled.

"Well, Mr. Jones," he replied, "I must confess I never was in one of them in my life."

"How strange!" cried Jones, triumphantly. "And

yet I, though I have never been in the castle here, have visited the stock-yards of your native city, and consider it was worth crossing the Atlantic to see them, while you have never thought them worth the trouble of walking a *few* hundred yards."

Although such neglect of present possessions is very common, it is certainly not praiseworthy.—*Youth's Companion.*

HIS HAND HATH LED ME.

Once I thought to make my future
All of God's and none of mine,
Prayed with earnestness and fervor,
"Thrill it with the life Divine;"
But I never thought of saying,
"Not my way, O Lord, but thine."

So, the plan of grand achievement,
"All for Christ," born in my thought,
Waited in uncertain dimness,
With the ends for which I sought,
Till despairingly I murmured,
"Vainly serving—nothing wrought."

I had hoped that greater service
Nearer would my Saviour bring;
And the pathway gleam with glory
From the presence of my King.
Whilst I did my whole known duty,
Still I worked on wondering.

Though I gave up ease and pleasure,
Still my heart, unsatisfied,
Felt that there was something lacking,
Something from the Lord denied;
While my weary soul was longing
In his fulness to abide.

Through discouragement and failure,
Lovingly He taught me this;
That in self my work was fruitless,
That my hand must lie in His,
While I waited all his bidding,
Trusting in his promises.

Then by waters still He led me,
And through pastures grand and fair,
To the place where he would have me;
Gave me work and kept me there.
'Twas a new and strange unfolding
Of his love and grace and care:

One by one I saw them leave me,
Plans and hopes and oft-said prayers,
And a new life spread before me,
Full of peace, but many cares,
Cares that multiplied to lighten
Up my pathway, unawares.

Then I realized the sweetness
Of abiding in the Lord;
Found in promises new meaning;
Simply took Him at His word,
Hearing joyfully the message,
"All things are for you prepared."

HELEN F. BOYDEN.

—*The Advocate and Guardian.*

FISH-HAWKS IN COUNCIL.

A party of summer visitors at Elberon, New Jersey, were one day very much surprised at the sagacity of a flock of fish-hawks. One of these birds being mistaken for a barn-yard robber, was shot at, while perching on the top branch of a tree. The ball struck the bird on his wing and he dropped, fluttering and screeching from bough to bough, until he contrived to clutch at a strong forked branch and rested there. All day long he sat, uttering piercing screams, and the next morning was found to have gathered round him a large circle of hawks, probably his friends and relatives, who seemed to be holding a council. Each in turn the birds chattered busily, as if giving advice or proposing plans of relief, while their wounded brother seemed to listen eagerly, and now and then put in a word. The approach of human beings produced the greatest consternation among the birds, but they did not fly away and desert the disabled one. The sportsman came again into the orchard, with the intention of putting an end to the poor creature's misery with another ball, but he was easily persuaded to wait and see what the birds would do. An immediate result of the meeting was the feeding of the prisoner, several members of the rescuing party flying to the ocean and returning with fish in their claws. It was easily seen, however, that the nearness of the tree to the house, and the lowness of the branch on which the wounded bird was crouched, caused the greatest anxiety, and even after the invalid's hunger was satisfied the other birds kept flying away singly and in parties, while others still perched on the trees and seemed to be awaiting the messengers' return. It was so evident that some plan had been made that a number of ladies brought their needlework into the orchard, and stayed waiting to see what was going to be done. The hawks were very quiet all day, except that the sufferer uttered an occasional sound, as it moved uneasily in its leafy bed, while the watchers replied in low, soothing tones, as if with words of pity or encouragement. Towards sunset a single hawk appeared on the scene, then another, and another; a great chattering began, and the excitement increased as the messengers kept returning in twos and threes. The wounded bird raised itself as much as possible from the branch, and seemed joyfully expectant, while the others flew around it gaily. After a minute a loud flapping overhead was heard, a flock of hawks appeared, and in their midst a giant hawk—a bird much larger and stronger than any of the rest. For a few moments it perched upon the topmost branch of the tree, then started up and began circling about, coming lower, nearer to its wounded brother, until suddenly swooping, it grasped the latter in its claws, and raising him gently from the bough, soared away with him triumphantly. The other hawks followed, leaving the spectators overwhelmed with astonishment. They did not doubt that the hawk was being carried to some safe, retired spot, where he could be fed and waited on until his wound healed.—*Agriculturist.*

AN AWKWARD RULE.

In this part of India (Tinnevelly) the women are not so much secluded. Their husbands are chosen for them; but if a woman does not feel inclined to marry a man she calls him brother, as if by accident, and then says, "Oh! what have I done? I have called you brother, and so I may not marry you."

Even among the Christians the women consider it disrespectful to mention their husband's names. It makes it rather awkward at the marriage ceremony, for they stop short at the man's name. When it comes to "I, Mary, take thee, John," the woman says, "I Mary, take thee, —" and nothing will make her go on. —— says once he was unable to marry a couple, for he could not steer the lady past the sentence. One lady said that the other day she had to ask a Bible-woman her husband's name to put in the report, and she thought a minute, and then said, "Jacob had two wives, Leah and Rachel; Rachel had two sons, and the eldest of them bore the same name as my husband." Rather a good way of evading an awkward question, was it not? If a woman whose husband is called John has to read a verse in class in which the name John occurs, she passes it on to the next girl, and will not read it herself.—*India's Women.*

ARE YOU RICH TOWARD GOD?

If you gave ten percent of your income to the Lord's work when your income was $1,000 have you been careful to increase the percent, as your income has increased? Did you ever think how easy it was to do that? Ten percent of $1,000 is $100. In that case you had $900 to live on. Now suppose your income has increased to $2,000, and you give twenty percent of that, how does the account stand? The Lord gets $400 and you have $1,600 to live on. Don't you see how easily and beautifully it works? If the income were $10,000 you could give fifty percent or $5,000 and yet have a comfortable and even abundant competence. We wonder whether our well-to-do Christian men realize that their twenty and thirty and fifty percent does not equal the poor man's ten percent. Yet they get large credit for gifts that are really small in comparison with those of their less prospered brethren. A man's benevolence is, after all, more accurately estimated by what he has left than by what he gives. We wonder how the Master will adjudge our stewardship when our accounts pass under His eyes at the judgment seat?—*Words and Weapons.*

DETECTIVE PHOTOGRAPHY.

An ingenious contrivance is used by a wealthy ironmaster in the north of England, whose house and works are illuminated by the electric light, to inform him as to what goes on during his occasional absence from home. In several of his rooms and in his office there is a concealed apparatus in the walls, consisting of a roll of the new Eastman paper and a train of clockwork. Every hour a shutter is silently opened by the machinery and an instantaneous photograph is taken of the room. On the gentleman's return he develops these pictures, and curious information is sometimes thereby furnished. One clerk who suddenly received his dismissal and demanded the reason therefor, was horrified when shown a photograph which depicted him lolling in an easy-chair with his feet on the office desk, while the clock on the mantelpiece pointed to an hour at which he should have been at work. A photograph of the dining-room showed a servants' party there. The possibilities of such a contrivance are suggestive.—*N. Y. Observer.*

UNSCREWING HIS HEAD.

Mr. Romilly, the British Commissioner for the Western Pacific, tells this story of the early days of the Fiji settlements:

"A white man, wandering over one of the islands, was taken prisoner by the natives. He had a cork leg. He didn't like the looks of his captors, and liked them still less when he noticed that they were fixing up a neighboring oven. Trying hard not to show his agitation, he called for something to eat. Food was set before him, and he used his large jack-knife to cut it.

"With every mouthful or two he stuck his jack-knife into his cork leg with such force that it stood erect. The natives looked on with great astonishment and evident alarm. After the meal was over he began to unscrew his leg. That was too much for the savages, who did not seem to have any curiosity to see what he would do next, but opened a passage and let him walk away.

"When he reached his horse, some little distance away, the natives began to gather around, but after mounting, the man made a motion as if to unscrew his head, and the spectators ran away in terror."

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 12.

THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.—Rev. 7: 9-17.

COMMIT VERSES 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Therefore are they before the Throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple.—Rev. 7: 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The saints in heaven are countless in number, pure in character, saved by the blood of Jesus, serving God night and day, boundless in joy and blessing.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Rev. 7: 1-17.
T. Rev. 8: 1-13.
W. Rev. 9: 1-21.
Th. Rev. 13: 1-18.
F. Rev. 14: 1-20.
Sa. 2 Cor. 4: 1-18.
Su. Psalm 23: 1-6.

TIME.—See Lesson 9.

INTRODUCTION.—Six of the seals of the book referred to in our last lesson were opened. But the tumult and conflict was so great, and the tribulations so great, that God's people might be discouraged. Therefore, before the description continues, the heavens are opened again, and it is seen that in reality great numbers are saved, and their rewards far out-balance their earthly sufferings.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

9. AND, LO, A GREAT MULTITUDE: the number of the saved will not be few, but countless. STOOD BEFORE THE THRONE: in the very centre of heaven's blessings. CLOTHED WITH WHITE ROBES: emblems of purity, of festivity, and joy. PALMS IN THEIR HANDS: marks of joy, and of victory. 11. ELDERS, FOUR BEASTS: see last lesson. FELL BEFORE THE THRONE: in the attitude of reverence and worship. Many Sunday-school scholars can learn a lesson from these angels. 13. AND ONE OF THE ELDERS ANSWERED: the questioning look of John. 15. SERVE HIM DAY AND NIGHT IN HIS TEMPLE: all they do is in His service, and is sacred because done for Him. SHALL DWELL AMONG THEM: "shall spread His tabernacle over them," for protection, and abiding with them. 16. NEITHER SHALL THE SUN LIGHT ON THEM: the fierce Eastern sun withered the plants, and caused sun-stroke. In this view it was the type of strong temptations that would wither their pious feelings.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of our last lesson? What took place between that lesson and this? Why does this revelation of heaven come in among the terrible troubles pictured in this book?

SUBJECT: THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

I. THE NUMBER OF THE SAINTS (*v. 9*).—How many people did John see in heaven? Does this show that a great many will be saved? From what nations, etc., did they come? How can we help this to come soon to pass? How were the remainder clothed? What do their white robes symbolize? What is represented by the palms in their hands?

II. THE CHORUS OF SAINTS AND ANGELS (vs. 10-12).—What were these saints doing? What reasons had they for praising God? Who joined in their song? What attitude did they take? Why? What does this teach us about posture in worship? What was the song they all sang together?

III. HOW THEY CAME TO HEAVEN (vs. 13, 14).—What did one of the elders say to John? His answer? What did the elder then say? How were the robes of the saints made white? How could this be? What part did their tribulation have in making them what they were? (Deut. 8: 2; James 1: 2-4; 1 Peter 1: 7; Heb. 12: 11).

IV. THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE SAINTS (15-17). What seven blessings do you find in these verses? Which of these do you most desire? Can you have them in any other way than they were obtained by these saints?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Heaven is shown to us (1) that we may see how we ought to live here; (2) that we may take courage amid the trials of life; (3) that men may be attracted to its principles.

II. Great multitudes will be saved.

III. Those who are saved are pure in heart.

IV. All our lives, in every part, should be a hymn of praise to God.

V. The only way to purity and heaven is through the atoning love of Jesus.

VI. The blessings of heaven are great, and many, and glorious.

LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 19.

THE GREAT INVITATION.—Rev. 22: 8-21.

COMMIT VERSES 16, 17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.—Rev. 22: 21.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The whole world are invited to enter the heavenly city.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Rev. 16: 1-21.
T. Rev. 17: 1-18.
W. Rev. 18: 1-24.
Th. Rev. 19: 1-21.
F. Rev. 20: 1-15.
Sa. Rev. 21: 1-27.
Su. Rev. 22: 1-21.

TIME, etc., of Book of Revelation.—See Lesson 9.

INTRODUCTION.—The greater part of the Book of Revelation is passed over in these lessons for want of space. The history of the Church, in its state of conflict and trial, at last draws to a close; all enemies are conquered; the new day dawns; the Gospel has triumphed, and heaven is won. It remains for us in this lesson, in the presence of this vision, to consider the GREAT INVITATION TO THE WHOLE WORLD.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

8. FELL DOWN TO WORSHIP: perhaps thinking that the angel was Christ Himself. He was full of reverence, and awe, and praise. 10. SEAL NOT: let all see what is written for their comfort and help. THE TIME IS AT HAND: when these prophecies shall begin to be fulfilled. 11. HE THAT IS UNJUST, etc.: (1) implying that those who change must do it very quickly, or it would soon be too late. (2) This refers also to the fact that our characters, and with them our destiny, are becoming more fixed, and after a time there never will be a change. 12. I COME QUICKLY: there will be no delay. He will quickly begin to do in fact what is here shown in vision. To each of us individually He comes quickly in various providences, and at death. 13. ALPHA AND OMEGA: A and O, the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet. 14. THE CITY: described in chaps. 21, 22. 15. WITHOUT ARE DOGS; fierce, cruel, sensual, undisciplined men, like Oriental dogs. 16. ROOT: root, shoot, or sprout. 17. THE BRIDE: the Church, God's people.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How much of the Book of Revelation do we pass over? Why? To what stage in the world's history does it bring us?

SUBJECT: THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

I. THE REASONS FOR ACCEPTING THE INVITATION (vs. 8-16).—What did John do when he saw the city of God? (v. 8.) Why did he desire to worship the angel? Why did the angel forbid him? Why should he not seal up this book?

FIRST REASON.—What is meant by "the time is at hand?" How is this a reason for accepting the invitation?

SECOND REASON.—What is the meaning of v. 11? In what way do our characters and destiny become fixed? What warning and what comfort in this fact?

THIRD REASON.—Does Jesus always reward His disciples? According to what principle? What are the works here spoken of? (John 6: 29; Matt. 25: 31-46.)

FOURTH REASON.—Who sends the invitation? (v. 13.) Why is He described in this way? What is He called in v. 16? Meaning of "Root of David?" How is He like the bright morning star? How is this character a reason for accepting this invitation?

FIFTH REASON.—What are the blessings bestowed upon the obedient? (v. 14.) How must they enter the city? How many gates to it? Why so many? What will they find in the city?

SIXTH REASON.—Who are without the city? Who are meant by "dogs?" Why cannot these people enter the city? What would they have to do to enter?

II. THE INVITATION (vs. 17-21).—To what is the invitation? Who gave the invitation? In what ways does the Spirit give us this invitation? Who is the bride? (*ch.* 19: 7, 8; 21: 9.) In what ways should the Church give this invitation? Can people come even if Christians do not invite them? Who can come? Are any excluded? Do all accept? Why not? If you have not accepted, can you give the reasons why?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. The time is short; we should do quickly and earnestly what we have to do.

II. We are continually becoming fixed in our characters and destiny, and a time will come when it will be *too late* to change.

III. God rewards every *person according to* his works, including his thoughts, feelings, faith, love, words, as well as outward deeds.

IV. The joys of the obedient are beyond imagination to conceive.

V. If any do not have them, it is because they will not be such that God can give these joys to them. Only their own characters and deeds can shut any out of heaven.

VI. God's invitations are as large and free as His love. He desires every one to come and be saved.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MARTHA AND MARY.

"It's all very well. I've not much fault to find with Mary, but we do want a bit of Martha as well. There is too much of this religious indolence which pretends to be piety. We want people who can stir about and work the leaven of their goodness into the world. While some are sitting at the Master's feet, others are going down into the pit. I don't wish to put Martha against Mary—not at all; but what I say is, all Marthas and we should forget the Master; all Marys and we should forget the world. A Christian should be a mixture of both."

"Then, in her way, you really think that Martha is a pattern Christian?"

"Most certainly. Aren't we told to be 'not slothful in business'? Besides, it was all for the Master, and didn't He say that even the 'cup of cold water' should not lose its reward? No. We want more fidelity in these daily household matters, these worldly things."

"Still, you must see that Martha, however tenderly, is rebuked, and Mary is commended."

"Yes; and that is just what I can't understand. Mary's was by far the more self-denying task, and Mary's much the more comfortable position. Judging, too, by a comparison of congregational and practical Christianity, most Christians prefer to be 'sitting at his feet,' than to be up and doing their Master's work. 'It is good for us to be here,' they cry, and in their own enjoyment forget or overlook the sorrow and distress that call for their activity."

"I grant you much of that. So, then, to be candid, you would say that Mary was a gentle, emotional, soft, dreamy sort of woman, who loved discourse rather than practice, and lounging rather than work."

"Well, I don't like to say that exactly, because, undoubtedly, she had one genuine feature, her choice of the 'good part.' Still I must confess that I should have liked her better had she taken her share of the work."

"And didn't she?"

"Yes; by sitting on the floor."

"Didn't she take her share at the table?"

"No, indeed she didn't."

"Then what does Martha mean by complaining that she left her?"

"Why that Mary wouldn't have anything to do with her in getting things ready."

"My dear fellow, that's just where you have misread the story. You must be with a person before you can leave them, and that is Martha's complaint, that Mary leaves her in the midst of the work.* Now look here. This is how it runs. Martha receives Jesus into the house, and with Mary commences to prepare a meal. But while the Lord is waiting the magnet is working. Mary wants to be with Jesus and listen to his words, and so at the earliest opportunity she escapes to his feet. But not before her work is done. True, there may have been one or two odd little things left—perhaps the water had to boil as we might say, or something of that sort. But with Martha it was different; she was 'cumbered with much serving'—she was distracted—'dragged in different directions.' Can't you fancy her? She wants everything to be right, and it all seems wrong—now the cloth, say, is crooked—that plate must be rubbed again—that knife and fork changed. So she worries herself doing the same thing twice over, just the honest, impulsive, fretful housekeeper that she was. But there was no magnet at work. Her mind was taken up with the serving, and the words and person of the Lord Jesus Himself are not able to draw her away. No, in words tenderly mild, but searchingly plain, she is told that she is vitally wrong. Let us follow Mary, never neglecting temporal duties for spiritual pleasures; and yet in all occupations always under the magnet, longing to be at the Master's feet and to hear his words. Sweet and wonderful messages He has for all such, only we must not tarry too long at the work nor leave it undone. Here we get refreshment and strength for service. Christ says, 'He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me; and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him.' If Mary were wrong, and Martha right, the Lord was too fair, too true, and too kind not to have pointed it out. So that Mary is our great, our true and only pattern. Now, don't you think I am right?"

"Well, I almost think you are."—*The Christian.*

* The Greek word means "left me alone in the midst of my work."—*Farrar.*

A BIT OF WISE COUNSEL.

We take this bit of wisdom for mothers from the columns of *Church and Home*:

Teach the children to respect you. Perhaps you smile at this. Love seems so far above and beyond respect! The children love you with all their hearts. Granted. But for all this, neglect not to cultivate respect in them. A devoted mother is willing to forego comfort for the sake of her loved ones. Sleepless nights and aching limbs must sometimes be; but there is another kind of self-denial for mothers. When Marion has devoured her own portion of the choice fruit or confection, and her baby fingers stretch towards mamma's plate, deny yourself the pleasure of giving her the whole, or a portion of what belongs to you.

When Isabel longs for a new hat which she does not really need, and the family purse reminds you that you cannot purchase that without wearing your old cloak another winter, buy the new cloak, and let the hat wait. It may be there is an instructive course of lectures in progress. For some reason all the family cannot attend. Take your turn with the others. You will be surprised to see how willingly the girls or husband will remain at home when they find "mother" cares about going. Do not say, "Anything will do for me." Have a proper care for your person and apparel.

Encourage the children to work. Something more than encouragement may sometimes be necessary. In most cases, however, a judicious mother can so interest the boys and girls that work will not be a heavy burden. Marion wants to wash dishes, but is too small. Let her dust, while Isabel does the dishes, and by-and-by instruct them both in the mysteries of bed-making and bread-making. Be sure that the boys chop the wood and bring the water. No doubt it would be easier to do all this work yourself, there's so much "bother" about teaching children, but for their sakes, if not for your own, give the extra time and labor.

All this may require self-denial on the part of the loving mother, who would gladly give herself and her possessions for the dear ones; still, in kindness to them, as well as to herself, these simple rules should be followed. When each child has his or her allotted portion of work, and mother is treated with the respect that is her due, there may be fewer sickly attempts at art, and fewer wishy-washy stories and poems written. There certainly would be fewer poor, tired women longing for rest, but mother, instead of being the slave and drudge, to be thrust into the background when parlor company comes, will become what God designed her to be, the queen of the home.

HOW TO AMUSE CHILDREN.

While children are satiated with artificial means of amusements, the simplest and most natural sources of pleasure are often entirely neglected. For instance, a child brings in a handful of field-flowers; the mother says, "What a litter you are making with that rubbish; let's clear it all away, and play with your pretty doll." What a source of pleasure and instruction might have been derived from examining the different colors, the different shades of the same color, and the shape and texture of the buds and leaves.

Or, as we a child take up a dead spider; the mother said, "Horrid, nasty creature; throw it away; never touch these nasty things; you may be bitten and hurt one of these days." What an opportunity was here lost of telling the child a number of interesting and entertaining particulars respecting the eyes, the feelers, the thread spun by the spider, the web, etc. And afterward, what useful lessons might have been given, by asking little questions in order to lead the child to repeat clearly the information it had received, and to accustom it to an accurate method of expressing its ideas.—*The Mother's Magazine.*

A NEW USE FOR TOADS.

The latest and most ingenious way of getting rid of roaches and water bugs we have heard of, is related of a citizen of Schenectady, whose kitchen was infested with them.

A servant hearing that toads were an antidote, caught three ordinary hop-toads and put them in the kitchen. Not a roach or water bug, it is stated, can now be found in the house. The toads have become domesticated, never wander about the house, and are so cleanly and inoffensive that there is no objection to their presence.

Another use for toads is to employ them for insect destroyers in the garden. They are determined enemies of all kinds of snails and slugs, which it is well known can in a single night destroy a vast quantity of lettuce, carrots, asparagus, etc. Toads are also kept in vineyards, where they devour during the night millions of insects that escape the pursuit of nocturnal birds, and might commit incalculable havoc on the buds and young shoots of the vine. In Paris toads are an article of merchandise. They are kept in tubs, and sold at the rate of two francs a dozen.—*Scientific American.*

CONFIDENCE IN CHILDREN.

I well remember a circumstance that occurred when I was a child, it was so stamped on my mind I could never forget.

It was one time when I went with one of my sisters where she was staying a while with a lady who had three girls and one boy. The second girl would lie and steal and try to get me to do the same, but my parents had taught me not to deceive in any way, so I did not yield to the temptation. One day this girl took something from the older sister's pocket, then when asked about it, said she did not know anything about it, whatever. My sister turned to the girl's sister and said, "There's Minnie, (myself,) ask her if she knows anything about it, for what she says is true, for she never lies." Then I told her I saw the girl take it, and tried to get her not to steal.

When I was alone again, I pondered on what my sister said, and resolved, let come what would, to never betray that trust. "She never lies." Could it be that I should ever cause her, or any one, to lose confidence in me? The more I thought of it, the more firm was my resolve. There I resolved in prayer to never lie nor steal, if it would save me from the stake.—*Aunt Mary in Household.*

WHY WOMEN BREAK DOWN.

There is little doubt that women are breaking down more rapidly than men, because they allow themselves to take less real rest. When a man drops his business, he drops it. When a woman lets go of any work she may have to mind, she ties it to her apron strings as it were. She has been taught through long ages of training that it is a high crime and a misdemeanor to let anything escape her mind, so she is constantly, when she is at rest, pinching herself or prodding herself to see if she hasn't forgotten something. In this way she carries the burden of her work into the resting hours, and sits down among the roses of relaxation with her foot on the treadle of the grindstone of prosy drudgery.

If men kept their noses to the grindstone with womanly persistence, they would be nervous and irritable beyond comparison. If women would get their own consent to rest they would have better complexions, better stomachs, and a happier life.—*Inter-Ocean.*

RECIPES.

DISCOLORED TEA and coffee pots may be cleaned by filling them with water in which two or three tablespoonfuls of wood ashes have been placed, and letting it boil up, then wash thoroughly with hot soap suds, and rinse.

ONE MAY UTILIZE old matting which is no longer fresh enough to look well, by putting it under carpets. It can be cleaned perfectly by washing it on both sides with hot salt and water; hang it on a line out doors to dry.

CHEESE OMELETTE.—This is a nice supper dish. Butter the bottom and sides of a pudding dish, and cover the bottom with thin slices of cheese, on this put a layer of broken crackers, and season with salt, pepper and butter. Put another layer of cheese and crackers, and season and so on. When ready for the oven, pour over it a cup of milk, or enough to nearly cover the cracker and cheese. Bake until a light brown and serve while hot.

TO CLEAN HAIR-BRUSHES.—The best way in which to clean hair-brushes is with spirits of ammonia, as its effect is immediate. No rubbing is required, and cold water can be used just as successfully as warm. Take a teaspoonful of ammonia to a quart of water, dip the hair part of the brush without wetting the ivory, and in a moment the grease is removed; then rinse in cold water, shake well, and dry in the air, but not in the sun. Soda and soap soften the bristles, and invariably turn the ivory yellow.

TOILET SET.—Mrs. J. E. Cole asks how to make a toilet set. Here is one which is both pretty and inexpensive: "Take a yard of silesia some bright color, one yard of cheese cloth, two and one-half yards of ribbon, the same color as the silesia, and five yards of lace edging. Take a piece of silesia half a yard square for the large mat, cover with cheese cloth, edge this round with the lace, fulling pretty well at the corners, then briar-stitch around the edge. The small mats are made the same way, except being nine inches square. Make a cushion nine inches square of silesia and put a bow of ribbon on each corner. Now take a piece of cheese cloth five inches square, edge round with lace, and briar-stitch the edge, and place this on cornerwise to complete the set.—*Household.*

STARCHING.—Allow a teaspoonful of good starch to each shirt and collar. Use just enough cold water to wet the starch, mash it free from lumps, add a little more and stir it well; add for each shirt a little sperm or white wax as big as a pea, and a quarter of a spoonful of salt to three spoonfuls of starch, pour on boiling water, stirring slowly all the time; boil hard for fifteen minutes without scorching, skim and strain while hot. This can be done only by dipping the strainer in cold water, while the starch is in the bag, and squeeze it immediately before it becomes hot. Wet bosoms and collars in hot water, wring very dry, and starch while damp; rub the starch well in, and wring in a dry towel, and remove all starch left on the outside; spread out evenly, rub down with a dry cloth, and roll tightly together; let it lie two or three hours, and then iron, and you will have a gloss on your shirt and collar equal in appearance and perhaps better in quality than if it had been done at a Chinese laundry.

CLEAN AND WASH chickens thoroughly. Take a cloth and rub the skin with soda water, (a tablespoonful of soda to two quarts of water slightly warm). Scraping with a small knife is the usual method, but you will find a cloth the easiest. Then rinse thoroughly in cold water. Split in halves, cutting as near the middle of the back—lengthwise—as you can, sprinkle with salt, and put on a grate in a dripping pan, skin side down. Place in a moderate oven, and in half an hour if the chicken has begun to cook, baste with butter and dredge with flour, and when it browns, turn, baste and flour the other side. Two tablespoonfuls of butter will be sufficient for each chicken. When done, which will be in about an hour and a half, allowing an hour more for an older fowl, remove to a warm platter, put the pan on the stove, where it will not be hot enough to burn, and stir into it a cup of cream in which a heaping teaspoonful of flour has been stirred. Let it just boil up, stirring till smooth and pour over the chicken. We like this better than broiled chicken, and it is much less trouble. Of course, a very young chicken will cook in an hour, but the ordinary "broilers" in October need longer cooking than their somewhat tasteless brethren of August.—*Household.*

PUZZLES.

TANGLES TO UNRAVEL.

Straighten out the following words so as to make familiar rhymes.

1. Pretty watch in the sky,
   At little peep that shines so blue
   Often come for I and you
   Star so bright to-night for me.

2. A summer's day its ran away,
   All children fall out an;
   Sliding, they rest thay on the ail,
   As it fell in the three.

3. Fancy tea and dainty see,
   Three nibble to something, what.
   But pussy's mice liked big bright eyes,
   So they were little crept to.
   Scampering they could have find
   Nice mice soon sent them oil.
   For in fright to out and for.

SUBTRACTION.

1. Take from a covering of floors its last word, or syllable, and leave an unctuous substance.
2. Take from to collect food for animals its last word, and leave a preposition.
3. Take from a plant its last word, and leave an obscure thing.
4. Take from a robber its last word, and leave liberty.
5. Take from a case for dishes its last word, and leave a vessel.
6. Take from a love token its last word, and leave to retain.
7. Take from a public building its last word, and leave to woo.

BEHEADED WORDS.

1. A metal; behead and make an ass.
2. A kind of cloth; behead and make a weed.
3. An animal; behead and make an ear.
4. Small pieces of ice; behead and make an ail.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

SQUARE WORDS.

Open
Vida
Eden
Nine

LETTER PUZZLE.

1. Bude; 2. Erie; 3. Idea; 4. hard; 5. sleet; 6. steps; 7. become; 8. rattle; 9. ravage; 10. theft; 11. incrust.

A servant hearing that toads were an antidote, caught three ordinary hop-toads and put them in the kitchen. Not a roach or water bug, it is stated, can now be found in the house. The toads have become domesticated, never wander about the house, and are so cleanly and inoffensive that there is no objection to their presence.

Another use for toads is to employ them for insect destroyers in the garden. They are determined enemies of all kinds of snails and slugs, which it is well known can in a single night destroy a vast quantity of lettuce, carrots, asparagus, etc. Toads are also kept in vineyards, where they devour during the night millions of insects that escape the pursuit of nocturnal birds, and might commit incalculable havoc on the buds and young shoots of the vine. In Paris toads are an article of merchandise. They are kept in tubs, and sold at the rate of two francs a dozen.—*Scientific American.*

The Family Circle.

A CLOSE-FISTED ECONOMIST.

The farmer sat in his easy chair
Between the fire and the lamplight's glare;
His face was ruddy and full and fair;
His three small boys in the chimney nook
Conned the lines of a picture-book;
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,
Laid the table and drawed the tea,
Deftly, swiftly, silently;
Tired and weary, weak and faint,
She bore her trials without complaint,
Like many another household saint—
Contentall selfish bliss above
In the patient ministry of love.

At last, between the clouds of smoke
That wreathed his lips, the farmer spoke:
"There's taxes to raise, and int'rest to pay.
And if there should come a rainy day,
'Twould be mighty handy, I'm bound to say,
T' have something put by. For folks must die;
An' there's funeral bills, and gravestones to buy—
Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh;
Besides, there's Edward an' Dick an' Joe
To be provided for when we go;
So, if I were you, I'd tell you what I'd do,
I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could;
Extra fires don't do any good;
I'd be savin' of soap, an' savin' of ile,
And run up some candles once in a while;
I'd be mighty sparin' of coffee and tea,
For sugar is high,
An' all to buy,
And cider is good enough drink for me;
I'd be kind of careful 'bout my clo'es,
And look out sharp how the money goes—
Gewgaws is useless, nater knows;
Extra trimmin'
'S the bane of women.
I'd sell the best of my cheese an' honey,
And eggs is as good, nigh 'bout as money,
An' as to the carpet you wanted new—
I guess we can make the old one do;
An' as to the washer an' sewin'-machine,
Them smooth-tongued agents, so pesky mean,
You'd better get rid of 'em' slick an' clean.
What do they know 'bout women's work?
Do they calkilate women was made to shirk?

Dick and Edward and little Joe
Sat in the corner in a row;
They saw their patient mother go
On ceaseless errands to and fro;
They saw that her form was bent and thin,
Her temples gray, her cheek sunk in;
They saw the quiver of lip and chin—
And then with a wrath he could not smother,
Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother:
"You talk of savin' wood an' ile
An' tea an' sugar all the while,
But you never talk of savin' mother!"
—*Selected.*

THE SYSTEMATIC GIVERS.

Slowly Alice Vincent and Laura Keats walked down the slope until they came to the rustic bridge that spanned the stream that ran through the seminary grounds; here in one of the pavilions that jutted out over the water they seated themselves for a talk.

"I know," said Alice, taking up the thread of their conversation where it had been broken off a little way back when they met a party of girls bound for the butternut grove. These two had been urged to join the others, but they evidently preferred each other's company, though they were not rude enough to say just that.

"I know it does seem as though we might do something; but how to begin."

"I do not know of any way but just to begin," replied Laura.

"But who will start it?"

"Why, you for one, and I for another. Here you have been saying ever since we heard Mrs. Van Benschoten speak, that it seems as though we might do something; but saying that will never do anything. We must just do it."

"What?" asked Alice.

"Call a meeting of the girls and organize for work."

"The girls won't come."

"You and I will be there, and Minnie Crawford, and there are only three sides to a triangle, and that is all we had to begin geometry with."

"But we shall have more than that," replied Alice, laughing. "Annie Clark will join us and make a quadrilateral."

"Well," said Laura, "that will be a good beginning, and you know how we progress from polygons to circles—we may have a mission circle before we know it."

That evening when, after tea, the students gathered for evening worship, the principal said:

"Immediately after this service, all who are interested in the forming of a mission band are requested to meet in the small room adjoining the library."

Accordingly, instead of three or four, as the originators of the scheme had looked for, twenty-five girls filled the little room to overflowing. Alice Vincent called the meeting to order, saying: "Miss Keats will state to us the object of this call."

And Miss Keats stepped forward with a dignity which may have been assumed at first, but which gave place to something that was real, as she lost herself in her subject.

"We have lately heard," she said, "some very astounding facts. Some of us knew a part of the truth before; at least we might have known it, but I dare say very few of us have been interested in knowing. But I think that in the course of the very able address to which we were privileged to listen last Sabbath, it was brought home to us very forcibly that there are millions upon millions of men and women sitting to-day in the darkness of heathenism. Many of them know that they are in the dark, and they are crying out to us to send them the light of the Gospel. You remember that we were told that people used to think that there were two points only to be looked at in this matter of sending the Gospel to the heathen: Were the people ready to receive it? and, Were the messengers ready to go? These two things Christians have been praying for, and now it would seem that 'all things are ready.' The heathen world has opened its doors to the Gospel; men and women well fitted for the work are ready and waiting to go; yet there is a halt in the work. Instead of two links there are three, and the middle one is missing. It is literally a golden link that is wanting. Now, girls, fellow students, does it not seem a burning shame that when so many are willing to take up the self-denying work—now that the very thing which the Church has been praying for has come to pass—I say, is it not a shame that the money should be wanting? I think we will all agree to that, and if so, we must own that a part of the disgrace is ours. The most of us are Christians; some part of the work belongs to us. Shall we take it up, and begin now? We have been called together to talk over the matter of organizing a mission circle; I would put it, a giving circle; for that is exactly what we propose to do, give! It is not quite time to propose a name for the organization, but when it comes to that, I want to propose—'The Systematic Givers.'"

Now I do not intend to give you in this sketch a lesson upon organization, so I shall not give you a full report of the proceedings, or tell you how closely they followed Parliamentary usage. It is enough to tell you, that "The Band of Systematic Givers" was duly organized, and properly officered.

This motto was adopted:

"Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by in store as God hath prospered him."

Each member of the band pledges herself to give one tenth of her spending money, or the money which she calls her own. Considerable discussion has arisen among the girls as to what moneys they have a right to tithe.

"What would you do about taking a tenth out of the money your father sent to you for a new dress?" asked Lily Case.

"Well," replied Laura, "I will tell you what I did. Papa sent me thirty dollars for dress, hat, etc, and I decided to take out a tenth, and get a dress of a little cheaper material, or a plainer hat. But I tell you, Lily, I never made even thirty dollars go so far as the twenty-seven did. Bess says my dress is prettier than hers that cost twenty-five dollars, and I know it will be more durable than hers."

"With those of us who have an allowance which must cover all personal expenses there can be no question about the matter," said Alice Vincent. "If we choose to deny ourselves of some luxuries, we have the right to do so, I suppose, but some of our fathers say, 'get what you need and have the bill sent home.'"

"I know," replied Laura, "there is a difficulty in some cases of knowing just what we may do; but all of us have something that we may call our very own, and that is all we are responsible for, after all. I know the girls pretty well, and with one or two exceptions, a tithe of what we spend for confectionery, creams and ices in the course of the term would buy a good many Bibles. We girls might almost support a missionary; certainly we can take a scholarship in some of the schools."

And this is what they did: pledged themselves to support a pupil in a mission school. After several months had passed Lily Case remarked one day: "Is it not wonderful how much we can do by following out a regular system? Why, I do not miss the money I give, and I actually give dollars where I used to give cents!"

"I am sorry you lose the blessing of self-denial," said Laura, smiling; "you ought to give enough to miss it."

"Oh! you need not imagine I do not feel it. Every time I take out the tenth it hurts, for I am naturally stingy. And I say to myself, 'You old miser! you have got to deny yourself even if it does pinch.' But after I put the money in the little gilt box, I find that I get along just as well without it to spend. And I love to hand it over to the treasurer. That is what I meant when I said I did not miss it."

It was only a little while ago that Laura said, one evening, "Girls, I want to tell you something. I am going to India."

And it was then and there decided that when Laura Keats goes to India "The Systematic Givers" will have a missionary of their own.—*Faye Huntington, in Pansy.*

PRACTICE VERSUS PRECEPT.

The lesson for the day was, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Miss Edith Leyton sat before her class in the Mercer Street Sabbath school earnestly striving to press home the truth. She had made thorough preparation, had mastered every difficult point and fortified herself with illustrations of filial piety from the Scriptures and every-day life.

She became exceedingly interested herself, and warmed into eloquence as she went on to prove that this was one of the commands of God, and was quite as binding as the commands forbidding theft and murder.

Her words proved effective, for the young faces looked serious, and many of the girls made inward resolutions to be more careful in future about keeping this command.

Nettie Perry, a bright, positive girl with a will of her own that had not always been laid down at the feet of father and mother as sweetly as it should be, was especially led to reflect upon many of her actions wherein—though not guilty of actual disobedience—she had been rebellious, and had not honored the wishes of her parents.

Nettie had a sister Lida who was on intimate terms with Edith Leyton. They were in the habit of running into each other's homes familiarly.

One afternoon Lida came over with her embroidery to sit an hour or two, as she often did. Edith and her mother were together in the pleasant sitting-room, Mrs. Leyton busily sewing, while Edith had just brought out her writing desk. She said to Lida:

"Excuse me, will you, Lida, and visit with mother a few minutes? I have a short letter to write for the evening's mail, which must not be neglected."

She sat on a low chair, with her writing desk on her lap, her pen moving rapidly over the heavy cream-tinted sheet.

As her mother glanced up an expression of annoyance crossed her face. Mrs. Leyton was a person of fastidious tastes. Everything she did was marked by extreme neatness and painstaking. Her daughter, on the contrary, was the exact opposite. While she would have resented the charge of untidiness or lack of refinement, she was, it must be confessed, inclined to dash ahead and consider dispatch a greater virtue than nicety or elegance. This element in her character gave her mother much concern, and sometimes positive unhappiness.

So this afternoon, when her eye fell on Edith's letter, with the first half page written in a large, scrawling hand, the date, address and lines forming inclined planes on the unruled paper, with already two words erased and one interpolated, it made her almost writhe inwardly. Despite the presence of Lida she put in a protest:

"Why, my daughter! your letter looks very untidy; your lines are quite crooked. Won't you take a fresh sheet and write less hurriedly?"

"Oh, it is not of the least consequence, mamma. It will convey my meaning all the same, and what is the use of being so particular about trifles?" Edith answered, as her pen moved swiftly on.

"You are mistaken," Mrs. Leyton said, looking distressed. "It is of the greatest consequence that a young lady's letter should not bear a slovenly appearance. It is by just such trifles that judgments respecting character are continually formed."

"Well, everybody knows that I am not a sloven, so it would only prove the truth of the old adage, 'Appearances are deceitful,'" the daughter said, as she scribbled on.

"Do throw that aside and write a neat letter, my dear, especially to this person," her mother entreated.

"And waste my expensive note paper just for a mere notion. No, indeed. You know economy is one of my virtues, mamma, and please don't talk to me any more; I am continually making mistakes."

"Really, Edith, it is too bad to send that"—and one would not have thought the girl could have resisted the persuasive force of those mild eyes as she looked up and met them. But the daughter was becoming irritated. She flushed up to her pretty white forehead and flashed an almost angry look at her mother, while she said pettishly: "Surely I may write my own letters as I please, mamma."

And she went on, never heeding the worried eyes bent upon her as her pen dashed rapidly along.

If only she had been ten, instead of twenty! How her mother wished it at that moment, that she might command her. Mrs. Leyton was especially tried in this instance by Edith's careless ways, because the letter was addressed to an old friend of the family, who, being a person of refinement and culture, would consider such an ill-written letter almost an insult. However, by much effort she controlled herself, only sighing, and regretting that she had not trained her daughter differently.

Lida could not but hear and see it all. She loved her friend, but she felt her indignation rising. She could scarcely refrain from reproaching her for her obstinacy. Her mental comment was:

"Well, I'm far from perfect, but I wouldn't worry my mother like that—not for a kingdom."

That evening, when Lida sat at home under the drop light, still busy with her embroidery, her mother remarked:

"Lida, dear, I fear you are wasting too much time on that sort of work. I wish you would imitate your friend Edith a little more. She is so active in church work; then she goes to the industrial school one afternoon, and to the hospital another, besides doing a great deal in the Water Street Mission. She promises to be a very useful woman."

"Oh, well, mother, she isn't perfect, either, if she is my friend," Lida said, holding out her embroidery to see the effect of the last few stitches. "I don't think you would wish me to imitate her in all respects if you got behind the scenes occasionally. I decided this afternoon, when I was up there, that I'm a better girl to my mother than she is to hers." Then there followed a recital of the scene she had witnessed.

Just behind the curtain, unperceived by her sister, sat Nettie in the next room, preparing her lesson for the next day. Nettie was a girl with sharp ears and sharper wits. For the next few minutes her French grammar did not receive much of her attention. Instead, she was putting things together—was going over again in her mind the solemn words Miss Edith said to them last Sabbath, and her conclusion was:

"It's all put on. She don't mean a word of it. She has to get off those things to us. I suppose they all do, but I shan't listen to her any more. She isn't any better than the rest of us, if she does lay down the law so. I heard her speak real cross to her sister Fanny the other day, too. She isn't as good as my sister Lida, for she does exactly as mother wants her to, and is as sweet as a rose to every body. Miss Edith needn't lecture me any more. She needs to take her own medicine."

Edith Leyton became aware on the very next Sabbath that she had lost her influence over Nettie Perry, but the reason of it she could not divine.

Truly, we all need to pray, "Lord, show me myself."—*Mrs. O. M. Livingston, in the Interior.*

GIVE PROPER RESPECT to the very little people, in your dealings with them. They have rights you are bound to respect.

THE OTTER.

The otter is the aquatic member of the great weasel family, and plays the same part in lakes and rivers as his mischievous cousin in the forests. It is found in all parts of the world—on tropical islands throughout South America, and in the cold sea-coast of Kamtschatka and Alaska. Eleven different varieties are mentioned by naturalists.

One of these, the sea-otter, haunts the rocky shores of the coasts and islands of Behring's Sea and the Northern Pacific. Its habits are like those of the seal, and its soft, glossy, black fur is very much prized, especially in China, where a trimming of otter fur is worn by high officials as a mark of rank.

The sea-otter is a very fond mother, and will fight vigorously in defence of its baby. If attacked when on shore, it will seize the baby in its mouth as a cat would seize a kitten, and scurry into the water as fast as possible, for once among the dashing waves it is safe, and will gambol and frolic gleefully with its rescued offspring. The sea-otter often sleeps on its back on the surface of the sea, and hunters mention having seen the baby lying on the breast of its sleeping mother, closely infolded by her fore-paws, while the waves formed a rocking, tossing cradle.

The sea-otter is the largest member of its family, but the prettiest and most playful of the tribe is the fish-otter, which is pictured in the accompanying engraving feeding its little ones with a fresh fish caught in the pool by this most skilful of fishers. This otter is from two to three feet long, with a thick furry tail twelve to sixteen inches in length. It has very short legs, and stands not more than a foot high. Its paws are webbed for swimming, as its natural home is the water, but on land it can travel over the ground with great rapidity. It has small, prominent eyes, and little round ears, which are almost hidden in its soft brown fur.

The fish-otter is like a school-boy in its fondness for sliding down hill. Wherever there are bands of otters, slides are found worn on the slopes leading down to the shores of ponds and rivers, in the snow in the winter, and in the soft mud in the summer. Troops of otters have often been seen amusing themselves in this odd fashion. They slide lying on the ground, with the fore-feet bent backward, and push themselves forward with the hind-feet. When the slide is well worn and slippery, these funny little beasts go down with great velocity, and seem to take as much pleasure in their frolicsome antics as if they were a crowd of boys and girls.

The fish-otter lives around fresh-water lakes and rivers in Canada, in certain localities of South America, and in many wild portions of the United States and Europe. It is a famous fisherman. It can dive and stay under water a long time, and it swims so swiftly and so silently that even the quick-darting fish can rarely escape its sharp little teeth. If its prey be small, the otter lifts its head above the surface of the water, and easily bites off the choice morsels, but if the capture be a salmon or a good-sized trout, the otter swims ashore with it, and makes a leisurely repast on the grassy bank. Only the delicate parts of the fish are eaten by this dainty fisherman. When fish are not plenty, it will often attack ducks and other water-birds, like a weasel, sucking only the blood. The keeper of a park near Stuttgart at one time missed many beautiful ducks from a rare collection which had been domiciled on the banks of a water-course. All efforts to discover the thief were in vain. Night after night the keeper stood guard, gun in hand, and in spite of constant cries of alarm from the nests along the shore, no foe could be discovered. At length the keeper saw a dark object appear suddenly above the water. He fired, but saw nothing more. Taking a boat, he rowed over to the spot where the object had disappeared, and with a boat-hook drew to the surface a soft mass, which proved to be a large otter, mortally wounded. From that time the ducks were left undisturbed.

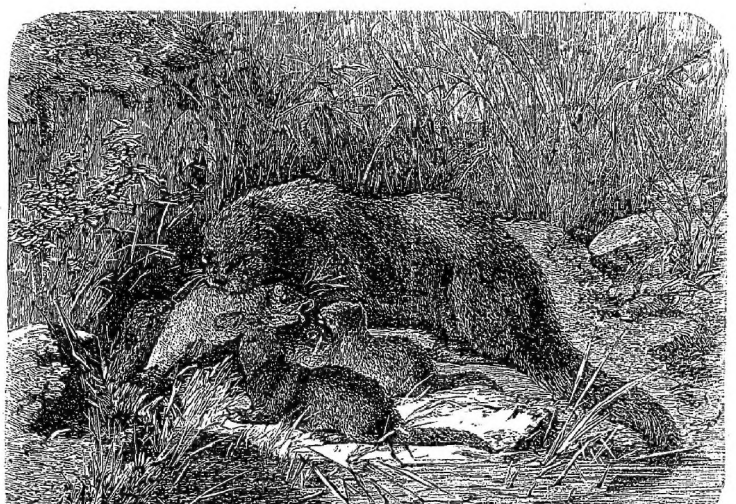
The nest of the fish-otter is a very snug hiding-place. The entrance is through a hole in the bank, about three feet under water. From this hole an excavated passageway leads up four or five feet, and ends in a little chamber warmly lined with moss and soft grasses. From this chamber a small tunnel goes to the top of the ground above, thus securing ventilation and plenty of fresh air. In this snug chamber the little otters are born. For the first ten days they are blind, but when their eyes are once open, they grow rapidly, and in about two months are lively and strong enough to accompany their mother on her fishing excursions.

Young otters are sometimes taken from the nest and brought up on bread and milk. They make the most affectionate pets imaginable. A story is told of a lady who had a pet otter that was so attached to its mistress as to follow her everywhere. It would frolic with her in the most amusing fashion, climbing up on her shoulder, and rubbing its soft fur against her cheek. If it was sleepy, it would climb up her dress and curl up in her lap like a pet cat; and although its mistress's clothing always bore the marks of its sharp little teeth and claws, it remained for a long time a favored pet in the household.

Tame otters are often taught to catch fish for their masters, and many instances are recorded where pet otters have been valued by hunters as highly as their dogs and have rendered quite as valuable service in supplying the table with dainties.

The Chinese make great use of the otter as a fisherman, and train it so skilfully for this purpose that it will mind the commands of its master as quickly as a well-trained dog.

The fish-otter was well known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, and was the subject of many wonderful fables and superstitions in olden times.—*Harper's Young People.*



AN OTTER AND HER YOUNG.

THE WHOLE CROSS is more easily carried than the half.—*Drummond.*

THE BOY EMPEROR OF CHINA.

The people of China are intensely interested in their young emperor, and in all that concerns him. Some time ago he had to pay the customary annual visit to the grave of his ancestors, the most indispensable of all duties to a good Chinaman. The escort of the emperor (a boy of sixteen) consisted of twenty thousand persons, and the whole population of the capital was deeply moved.

The palanquin in which he rode, an elegant structure of wood and glass, was borne by sixteen carriers, all of exactly the same stature. Thirteen of his chief ministers accompanied the Son of Heaven, each in his own palanquin. The imperial vehicle was preceded, followed and surrounded by a select band of fifty young cavaliers, all in brave array. A vast multitude of officers and high officials marched behind.

The road from the palace to the cemetery had been levelled and swept. Proclamation had been made, as usual, that during the passage of the emperor no creature not belonging to the escort should be seen in the street. The command was obeyed; but, such was the curiosity of the people to behold the countenance of their sovereign, that every house on the route was pierced with little holes, at each of which was placed a loyal Chinese eye gazing at the monarch and his imperial mother. All Pekin was a peeping Tom.

Once fairly out into the country, the population was allowed to look, provided that it remained upon its knees while the imperial palanquin was passing, and that no one should approach nearer than fifteen yards. So passed the Son of Heaven to the graves of his ancestors. The day ended with universal festivity.

TWO SIXPENCES FOR THE ZENANAS.

BY MRS. M. J. MAGENNIS.

The Countess of Dufferin, wife of Ear Dufferin, while in the East, became deeply interested in the condition of heathen women, and has aroused among her own countrywomen in County Down, as well as outside the Green Isle, a deep desire to aid their benighted sisters. The following touching story will illustrate the interest aroused in the heart of a dying young maiden, a resident of Ballynahinch, County Down. It may here be stated that County Down is the "Yorkshire" of Ireland, and one of the leading counties of Ulster, whose people are known in this land as Scotch-Irish—a race always loyal and true to this Commonwealth.

Bella Charlotte Martin, who died within a short time at the age of fifteen years, gave herself to Christ when a little child, with the longing hope that He would appoint her life-work among the heathen, but the Master had otherwise decreed, and took her home. She had been ailing for nearly a year, and although for the last few months before her death it was apparent to her friends that she was sinking rapidly, she seemed unconscious of the fact, until a sudden attack of weakness a fortnight before her death told her days were numbered. A lady, the Secretary of the County Down Auxiliary Mission, in a recent report says, almost substantially with reference to this consecrated life:

"I called to see her a short time before her death. That visit was burned in a picture on my memory that will never fade. The curtains drawn to ward off every draught, the blazing fire, and close to it, in a deep arm-chair, the little wasted figure rolled up in a fur cloak, her brilliant dark eyes, crimson cheek and constant cough telling so plainly of a fire consuming the young life. When I rose to leave, with difficulty her trembling fingers opened a purse, and she gave me two sixpences for the Zenana Missions. I never touched money with such a reverence before and thought the Master who sits over against the treasury sees this gift and will multiply it an hundred-fold. It was my first subscription for the Zenana Mission this year and my last visit to her. As I walked down the street from her mother's door, a brilliant setting sun was glowing on the wet pavement, making it look like a sea mingled with fire. I thought she would soon be walking in the streets of the New Jerusalem; and she is there now. She asked me for a report and recollecting book, and the following week presented them to every one who called, and sent her little sister out to ask for subscriptions. Then she grew more restlessly active every day, sending little Testaments, text-leaflets and text-cards to young friends until Saturday came, when her one thought seemed to be to finish her Mission work, by copying out the names of all her subscribers; and lying on the sofa, she tried to read aloud what she had written in the little book, that her mother might rewrite them more plainly. Perhaps her sight was failing, for she could not see and with difficulty her mother persuaded her to lay her book down, promising to finish it for her. Just then two uncles came in, and she asked one of them to read and sing and pray with her, selecting the twenty-third Psalm. As they sang, 'In God's house for evermore,' she turned brightly toward them and repeated 'For evermore,' then one deep sigh, and that was the last. With arms carefully folded, one hand clasping the mission purse, while they were praying she passed away. On the day of her funeral the fresh mound was covered with beautiful wreaths."

The Secretary, on visiting the home after her death, received the list beautifully copied out, and from the tiny purse was counted fourteen little pieces in gold, the last gift of Bella Charlotte Martin to the Zenana Mission.—*Watchman.*

THE BUILDING of the Christian church in Harmony, Ill., has long been inhabited by bees, which at length became so troublesome as to interrupt the services. The siding was recently torn off, and the studding for a height of sixteen feet was found filled with honey.

THE STORY OF A DAY.

(Mrs. Marshall, in Sunday at Home.)

CHAPTER I.—DAYSPRING.

The blinds were all drawn down in the pretty picturesque houses which, since the Suspension Bridge has spanned the Avon's dun-colored waters just below Clifton Observatory, have sprung up, where not many years ago the birds and the squirrels had it all their own way in the Leigh woods.

The glory of the June morning is so radiant, that it is a pity to think of the sound sleepers in "Mentone," the suggestive name of one of the houses, with a pretty gabled roof and pointed windows.

The sun has been up nearly three hours. The Venetian blinds in Mentone flap gently against the window panes, for the windows are not quite closed, and the morning breeze stirs them as it comes with its message from the woods.

The gentle click against the glass had a soothing rather than a disturbing effect on the sleepers, in the room which faces all the loveliness I have tried to describe. A tap at the door was repeated three times before there was any sign of waking from either of the two pretty beds which were placed at different ends of the spacious room.

At last the occupant of the bed nearest the window sat up, and asked, in a sleepy, incoherent way.

"What is it? Who is there?"

The door opened then, and a tall, graceful figure came quietly into the darkened room.

"Hilda! it is such a lovely morning. Do come out"

"Oh," with a prolonged yawn, "what time is it?"

"Nearly six—do come—you said you wished to be called."

"Did I? well, draw up the blind, and call Lena."

Beatrice advanced to the window, and pulled up the blind by the cords, with a sharp noise, which made the occupant of the other bed exclaim crossly, as well as sleepily,

"Do be quiet, Hilda."

"It is not Hilda—it is I, Beatrice—look, Lena—what a glorious morning; get up and come out."

"What nonsense! I am sure I sha'n't. I wish you would not come and wake me;" and Lena rolled round again and said no more.

As Beatrice stood and looked out on the morning, with loving, wistful eyes, the morning seemed to smile at her. The masses of her golden hair shone in the light; and as she turned at last and faced Hilda, who had gone so far as to put on her dressing-gown, for an expedition to the bath-room, she said:

"Beatrice, as you stand there with your back to the window, your hair makes a light all round you, and everything else is dark. You look so solemn in that plain black dress—I never can believe you are as young as Lena, and only two years older than I am."

Beatrice laughed a low, silvery laugh, and answered: "I daresay not. I feel older than a child like you, with your kitten ways and saucy manners. Come, I will give you twenty minutes to dress, and then I expect you to be ready."

Hilda was wide awake now, and, seizing Beatrice by the waist, danced off with her down the long corridor, rapping sharply at a door as she passed where one of her brothers slept as soundly as his sister Lena.

Before seven o'clock the two girls had left the house and turned in the direction of the village of Abbots Leigh. The freshness of the morning quickened their young footsteps, and Hilda sang snatches of song as she darted hither and thither to gather some stray hyacinth, left of the May-time, and straggling boughs of hawthorn, for May had only melted into June a few days before.

The two girls sat down at last on the trunk of a fallen tree, and Hilda decorated her hat with leaves and flowers; while Beatrice sat with folded hands, looking out across the gorge to the great gray rocks, streaked with a wide band of red, and shining in the light.

"Beatrice," Hilda asked at last, "what are you thinking about? You are always thinking; I wish you would talk more. Do you know, Beatrice, you have lived with us for a whole year—for you came on the first of June—and yet, though we all like you and some of us love you, we do not know you. Even I don't know you."

Beatrice turned her grave sweet eyes on her little cousin, and said:

"My life, before I came to you, was a sad one, sad with a sadness I do not like to put into words; I try to forget it, and live every day as it comes, thankfully, that the present is not what the past was."

"You do not alter your black dress at all. I heard mother say the other day that your mother had been dead more than a year, and she wished——"

"Oh, Hilda, don't!" Beatrice exclaimed. "I cannot, cannot bear it. Let us talk of something else."

"Poor Beatrice," Hilda said, nestling close to her cousin; "I wont ask any more questions, if you will tell me one thing: is Uncle Maurice alive?"

"Yes——"

Then there was another silence, and the girls were so still that a little brown rabbit sat erect close by, and looked at them askance with its bright eyes, and did not seem afraid.

"It is time we went home now," Beatrice said at last, "though I should not mind staying here all day, if we had a kettle to boil, and some tea, and—— Hark, Hilda, what noise is that?"

"Some one crying—some one hurt!" Hilda exclaimed, springing up, and looking down over the edge of the plateau where they were seated.

"I cannot see any one; but let us call, perhaps there will be an answer."

"What is the matter?" Beatrice said, in a clear, ringing voice, and then there was a sound of scrambling and struggling just below, and a very rueful face appeared through some thick branches of maples and a voice said:

"I have fallen down, and my basket full of lilies is rolled away, and——"

In a moment Hilda had sprung down the first steep ledge of rock to the top of a precipitous path, which, winding up from the middle road or path, runs through the Nightingale Valley.

"Take care, Hilda!" But Hilda only jumped down the quicker, and reached the face—which was really all that could be seen—except one dirty, grimy, little hand which was clutching the bough of a tree for support.

"Here, catch hold of my hand," Hilda said, "and I will soon pull you up. Now then," and in another minute the face was found to belong to the body of a boy of some indescribable age. For little waifs and strays, who are prematurely old in the ways of the world, which is commonly a hard world to them, do not show their age by rosy lips and round cheeks, or the clear depth of innocent eyes.

Nothing could be less in harmony with the early summer morning than this little pinched, wise, tan-colored face at the top of a mass of nondescript clothing which most completely concealed any form or outline. Everything was too big for the wearer. The boots were odd ones, but both far too long for the feet which were encased in them, so that they turned up, Chinese-like at the toes.

The trousers were very big and loose, and hung in a fringe over the little thin legs, which peeped through innumerable rents. Above these was a waistcoat, held together by one big button, and a shirt-sleeve of striped blue cotton, puffed out like a balloon, on one arm, while the other was naked to the shoulder, where a suspicion of blue stripe told that the shirt had once possessed two sleeves. If a hat had been set on the lanky thin hair which covered the oblong shaped head, it had gone the way of the basket, and was no more seen.

"Come," Hilda said, "help yourself to climb up to the place where that young lady stands," pointing to Beatrice, and then she burst into a merry laugh, as she said—

"Did you ever see such a little scarecrow, Bee?"

DRAWING LESSON.

It was impossible to resist an answering laugh but Beatrice checked herself, and stooping over held out the handle of her large sun-shade, and said—

"Help yourself with this, Hilda, and take care."

At last both Hilda and the boy stood by the side of Beatrice on the grassy plateau, and Hilda threw herself down exhausted, while the boy without a word, was scuttling off into the woods behind them.

"I say," Hilda exclaimed, "have you nothing to say to me for helping you? After all, I believe you are a scarecrow and not a boy."

The boy or scarecrow would certainly have disappeared in another minute, had not Beatrice overtaken him, and putting her hand kindly on his shoulder, said—

"Do not go away, without telling us who you are, and if we can help you."

The little pinched face puckered up into a variety of lines and wrinkles, and Beatrice did not know whether these were preparatory to laughing or crying. It proved to be the former, for a little cackling sound, unlike the music of childish laughter, was accompanied by the words—

"My! you are a joke."

"Why am I a joke?" Beatrice asked, with a smile.

"'Cause you bothers about me. Why should you?"

"Well, it is only natural I should bother about you. You cried out for help, and that young lady climbed down the steep bank to help you. Neither she nor I would like you to go away and know no more about you. Where do you live?"

"In Chap's Court, down in Bristol, close against the Cut."

"Who do you live with?"

"Grannie. I came to look out for lilies to sell to Mrs. Bull, and as I was climbing up I rolled back, and lost the old basket, and the flowers, and my cap and everything."

"And are you going home now?" Beatrice asked. She had a purse in her hand with a little silver clasp, and she opened it and looked in all the pockets, while Kit's eye followed every movement.

"No," she said at last, "I have not even a penny to give you, or I would do so. But, Kit, I shall not forget you, and I hope you will be a good boy."

The little odd face was turned up to the grave sweet one as if asking,

"What is it to be good?"

Then he made a funny grimace, and said:

"I've been to church, I have, and heard 'em sing."

"I am so glad. What did they sing?"

"Don't know; summat about the blue sky."

"Ah! and the Friend for the children who lives there," said Beatrice, "who loves Kit—Jesus the Lord."

Kit's astonishment seemed boundless: "Loves me!"

"Yes, Kit, He loves everything but lies, and bad words, and cheating, and He hates them." Kit looked doubtful, and now Hilda joined them, saying, "Come back to-morrow, and we will be here, and then we'll give you a new basket, and you can get some more lilies. Only don't expect me to tear my dress again for a child who can't say thank you."

(To be Continued.)

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

Total abstinence never destroyed a home, blighted a wife or cursed a child.

Total abstinence never robbed a man of character, manliness or integrity.

Total abstinence never filled a gaol or an almshouse.

Total abstinence never led a pure life into vice, nor blackened a pure heart with shame.

Total abstinence never filled the land with wailing nor its households with want.

Drinking habits destroy, blight and curse.

Drinking habits rob and impoverish.

Drinking habits lead into vice and shame.

Which is better—total abstinence or moderate drinking?

LET OUR LIVES be pure as snow-fields where our footsteps leave a mark, but not a stain.

THE STORY OF A DAY.

Mrs. Marshall, in Sunday at Home.

CHAPTER I.—*(Continued.)*

The boy fastened his eyes on Hilda's face and his mood changed; the puckers and wrinkles ended this time in tears, and, evidently much hurt in his feelings, he wriggled away from Beatrice's grasp, whose hand was still on his shoulder.

"Tell me your name," Beatrice said; "if ever I come to Chap's Court, who shall I ask for?"

"Kit," was the reply; "old Grannie Green's Kit," and then the final wriggle was accomplished, and the little ragged figure was lost to sight.

"Well," Hilda said, "he was not worth the trouble we took about him; it will take me an hour to mend my dress. Just look here." And she held up a yard at least of torn flounce from the bottom of her pretty pink cotton dress.

"An ugly little scarecrow like that was not worth this, I'm sure. Now, in a story he would have been a pretty little fellow, rather brown, and dirty perhaps, but with liquid brown eyes, and a dimpled chin, and masses of hair like yours, Bee. But, Bee, it is strange to think of all the different things which happen to different people in one day. Just fancy a circle drawn round Bristol and Clifton, extending as far as Abbots Leigh on one side and Westbury on the other, including you and I, Beatrice, and every one in the house, mamma, and Kit the scarecrow. Did you ever think what an immense history might be made out of the single day? Some glad, some sorry, some ill, and others well; some starving, and others with more to eat than is good for them; some making money and some losing it, and some with a large rent to mend, and all for helping a little ugly scarecrow to climb up the rock. I daresay it was all a lie, and that he had no basket to lose."

"I think I believed him," Beatrice said; "but, Hilda, what you say about the day is what I have often thought about. When we were in the thick of our worst troubles, I remember I used to try and picture to myself the happiness the same day brought to some people, the very day which brought sorrow to me. These sharp contrasts of life, of daily life, would be too terrible if we did not know that we only see a part, a tiny part, of the great whole, and that our dear Lord's love makes it all one great harmony, and brings good out of evil. That at last the beauty will not be spoiled by any dark shadows or ugly spots, but all will be perfectly lovely, and all complete in Him."

Hilda put her arm within her cousin's, and so they walked through the wood towards home. It was eight o'clock now, and the first beauty of the early day was passed. The blue mist had all rolled away, and the great St. Vincent Rock stood out sharp and clear in blazing sunshine. The birds had sung their matins, and were silent. The dew was all dried up, and the gossamer spider's web was no longer like a string of tiny sparkling diamonds. The dream of the morning was giving place to the reality of the day, when man must work and labor, each in his appointed task. Amongst them the old postman, who was turning into "Mentone" as the girls approached the gate.

Hilda sprang forward.

"I will take the letters," she said. "One for me, one for mother, a lot of stupid ones for papa, and one for you, Beatrice. How cross Lena will be that there is not one for her. Yours has the Bristol postmark, Bee. Who is it from?" But Beatrice was gone!

CHAPTER II.—NOONTIDE.

"Where is Beatrice?" Mr. Mansfield asked, as he glanced round the boys and girls who were assembled for prayers. "And Lena?" he said more sharply.

"In bed and dreaming," was the reply of a boy of fifteen.

Mr. Mansfield fitted his glasses on his nose, and read a psalm, and then a prayer. The whole service did not occupy five minutes, and then the servants went out of the room and Beatrice passed them as she came in. Two college schoolboys were hastily swallowing buttered toast and coffee. Hilda was leisurely tapping an egg, and two small boys who had at present lessons at home from Beatrice and Lena, were consuming porridge with great appetite.

The place before the urn was still vacant, and when Beatrice came in, and went through the usual ceremony of kissing the top of her uncle's bald forehead, he looked up from his leters and said:

"It is not often you are late, Beatrice; take Lena's place, and give me my coffee." A second quick glance at Beatrice's face, and Mr. Mansfield saw traces of tears upon it—recent tears. "This really is intolerable," he said, "that Lena should never come down at the right time. If you have a headache, my dear, let Hilda pour out the coffee."

"TELL ME YOUR NAME."

Hilda, who was deep in her letter, awoke to the consciousness now of being wanted to fill Lena's place, instead of Beatrice. She was by no means unwilling to have the honor, and had just established herself behind the cups, when Lena came in.

"What are you doing, Hilda?" she said sharply, with a very cursory good-morning to her father. "Look how you have spilled the milk; do go away."

"Lazy-bones and rolling stones
Gather no moss, and end in groans,"

Walter, the youngest of the College boys, sang in an undertone, while Mr. Mansfield said in an irritable voice—

"This habit of yours, Lena, is a very unfortunate one, and I do beg you will endeavor to be down in decent time. With your mother in such delicate health, and enforced absence from the family circle at meals you, as the eldest daughter, ought to try to fill her place." Lena's lip curled.

"Beatrice or Hilda are much more competent to do so it seems."

"Douglas," to one of the little boys, "if you say another word I shall punish you."

Little Douglas, who was heard to murmur "Cross patch, draw the latch," was by no means daunted by this, and insisted on finishing the rhyme.

"Papa! I wonder you allow the boys to behave to me like this! How can I have any authority over them?"

"Authority," said Bernard, the eldest brother, "I should rather think you hadn't; better not try it on with me," he murmured as he left the room.

"People who lie late in bed are always cross," Hilda said, as she vacated her place, carrying her father his large breakfast-cup of hot coffee. "Aren't they, dad? Now Beatrice and I were out by seven o'clock: it was so delicious, and we had such fun with a little scarecrow of a child called Kit. Father, I suppose we may go to Westbury to luncheon, and play tennis this afternoon at the Dorringtons'. It is no use bothering mother about it."

"No, no; don't carry any discussion into your mother's room, she has had a very poor night," and Mr. Mansfield sighed. He might well sigh, the wife and mother had literally broken down from unshared burdens and heavy responsibilities. The usual symptoms of these "break-downs" were manifest—sleepless nights, loss of strength and appetite, and a general decay of power. Up to the last, Mrs. Mansfield had held her place in the household, always ready at the breakfast-table, always full of interest in her children's joys and troubles. The boys' scrapes at school, impositions and accidents at football or cricket, housekeeping cares, servants' delinquencies, tradesmen's books, social duties, calls, visits, and correspondence—all had fallen to one person, and that one person was the mother.

When Beatrice Harcourt, the child of her only sister, came to "Mentone" a year ago, she was perfectly amazed at what she saw of her cousins' daily life. It never seemed to occur to Lena at nineteen, or Hilda at sixteen, to spare their mother. They had a sharp and not too respectful manner to her; "they never even ask Aunt Cecil if she is tired," Beatrice thought. "To spare her by running upstairs for a book, or a mislaid letter, never seems to enter their heads."

If Mrs. Mansfield did ask Lena to write a note, or see a servant, or do some shopping, so much discussion was often the result, that a weary "I would rather do it myself!" was the frequent end of it. And yet these two girls loved their mother; they would have indignantly denied that they failed in affection as daughters; and when the collapse came, the weight thrown on them by their mother's withdrawal from her home duties was proportionably heavy.

(To be Continued.)

FOR HIS SAKE.

There are two services in life, and unto one or the other do we all devote ourselves. Perhaps a large number of young people go on without stopping at all to think whether their governing motive is to please God, or to please themselves; to do the thing that is right, because it is right, or the thing that is pleasant, because it is pleasant.

This thought was the key-note of the sermon to which Ellen Grey listened. Perhaps she was the only one in the whole congregation to whom, in all its force, the thought went home. *But if among the shining hosts of heaven there is joy over one sinner that repenteth, surely that preacher need not feel a sermon lost to which even one hearer listens with the heart.*

"Which," the preacher said at the end, "which, then, will you do: please yourselves, or strive to please Him? Which is best worth your while? And if you would serve Him who has called you, there is no time to lose, for soon the night cometh. It must be now that you begin, and not to-morrow."

"What, oh what, is there for me to do?" thought the girl, her soul in tumult within her.

And as if the preacher had read her unspoken thought, he answered it:

"You must not wait for the great opportunities; you might die before they came. It is not the greatness of the deed, but the singleness and devotion of the motive, that counts in the Celestial reckoning. The lowest service rendered for His sake is higher than the mightiest struggle for mere self-advancement."

Ellen Grey bowed her head, and, in a whisper that surely God heard, she breathed, "For His sake!"

"Walk home with us, Ellen," said a gay voice, when church was over, and Ellen was turning to go, and then she remembered that her father was out of town, and that her mother, cumbered with much serving, had not come to church, and if she ran away with her friend, it would mean leaving her grandmother to walk home alone.

"For His sake," she whispered again to herself, and then called cheerfully to her friend, "Not to-day, thank you," and drew her grandmother's old hand through her strong young arm.

At home she found her mother overworked and tired; but when Ellen offered to help, patient Mrs. Grey answered, "No, I'll do it all; you have on your Sunday frock."

"For His sake," whispered the girl softly to herself; and in five minutes she was down stairs again, the Sunday gown put away and ready to help.

Ellen Grey hardly knew, at first, what had been in that morning hour the silent office of God's spirit in her heart; or how thoroughly the whole course and current of her life were to be changed. She only knew that of two services she would fain choose the worthiest, and that she was called on to choose then or never. From that day she lived her life "For His sake."

"My religion," she said, "is now expressed in one word, Obedience. It makes my life happy here; it brings to me spiritual light, and the past, present and future are all beautiful to me."

It proved the beginning of a life whose good influence has reached many hearts.—*Youth's Companion.*

I have only a penny to give,
But I give it "for Jesus' sake,"
Who will bless me, his little child,
And my poor small offering take.

Question Corner.—No. 24.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What great grandson of Noah built the city of Babylon?
2. From whom was the land of Canaan named?
3. From which son of Shem is the Jewish race descended?
4. What was Abram's father's name?
5. What patriarch was first named "the *Hebrew*"?
6. Who was the only good man in an exceedingly wicked city?

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

1. A man of Judah of the family of Pharez.
2. A prophet.
3. A country.
4. A mountain.
5. One of the sons of Ham.
6. A musical instrument.
7. A river.
8. An adjective which describes the nationality of a prominent apostle.

The *initials down* and the *finals up* give the names of two brothers.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 23.

1. 1 Sam. 5: 3, 4.
2. 1 Sam. 5: 9-12.
3. 2 Sam. 5: 23-25.
4. 2 Sam. 6: 6, 7.
5. 1 Kings 13: 4.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

525 feet length of Noah's ark.
87 " breadth " " "
52 " height " " "

2) 661 years Absolom dwelt in Jerusalem.

332
205 years, the age of Terah.

127
3 years Isaiah walked barefoot.

130
7 years the famine in Joseph's time.

137 years, the age of Amram.

THE TELUGU BOY'S HYMN.

The Telugus readily catch up and become very fond of some of our livelier American tunes, especially those with a chorus, or refrain, and we make use of them; for the novelty of the foreign music sometimes rivets their attention. Many years ago I translated into Telegu the children's hymn,

"Jesus loves me; this I know,
For the Bible tells me so,"

and taught it to the children of our day school. It was scarcely a week after, as I was going through the streets of the native town on horseback, I heard singing that sounded natural, down a side street. I stopped to listen, cautiously drawing up to the corner, where I could, unobserved look down the street, and see and hear; and there was a little heathen boy, with heathen men and women standing around him, singing away at the top of his voice:

"Jesus loves me; this I know,
For the Bible tells me so. . . .
Yes, Jesus loves me;
The Bible tells me so."

And as he completed the verse, the question arose: "Sonny, where did you learn that song?" "Over at the Missionary School," was the answer. "Who is that Jesus, and what is the Bible?" "Oh! the Bible is the book from God, they say, to teach us how to get to Heaven, and Jesus is the name of the Divine Redeemer that came into the world to save us from our sins; that is what the missionaries say." "Well, the song is a nice one, anyhow. Come, sing us some more." And so the little boy went on—a heathen himself, and singing to the heathen—about Jesus and His love. "That is preaching the Gospel by proxy," I said to myself, as I turned my pony and rode away, well satisfied to leave my little proxy to tell to his interested audience all he himself knew, and sing to them over and over that sweet song of salvation.—*Jacob Chamberlain, M.D., D.D.*

PLAIN TRUTH ABOUT SMOKING.

ESPECIALLY AS PRACTISED BY BOYS.

Dr. William A. Hammond, to a reporter of the *Tribune*, made some remarks on smoking by boys, that deserve the attention of all young persons—and older ones:

"If children smoke cigars, they destroy their nervous systems before they are fully formed, and render themselves liable to neuralgia and various functional diseases of the brain which are certainly calculated to destroy their mental force. There is also some evidence to show that tobacco in young persons actually interferes with the development of body in regard to size—that it stunts their physical system. It certainly impairs digestion, for they cannot use tobacco without spitting inordinately. The saliva expelled from their bodies is one of the most important of the digestive fluids, and the proper digestion of the food in the stomach is materially interfered with when there is not enough saliva left to mix with their food before it is swallowed. Again, it certainly impairs hearing and eyesight. I have seen several instances of young children having their eyesight injured seriously, if not irreparably, by the use of tobacco. The excessive use of tobacco is injurious to everybody, adults as well as infants, male as well as female."

The Home of the Soul.

"Sing us one of the songs of Zion."—PSALM cxxxvii. 3.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
The far - a - way home of the soul, Where no storms e - ver
beat on the glit - ter-ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty
REFRAIN.
roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms e - ver
beat on the glit - tering strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.

Oh, that home of the soul! In my vision and dreams,
Its bright Jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
Between that fair city and me.

That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands,
The king of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in his hands.

Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

SAND SERPENTS.

This name was given by an imaginative traveller to the wonderful columns of whirling sand that are so frequently seen on the great plains of Central Asia.

Fancy what a terrible country to journey through! For miles and miles one unbroken stretch of dreary sand, nothing to break the monotony, nothing to rest the eyes, unless one of these fantastic exhibitions, which, knowing the discomfort and the danger, a traveller would rather not see, takes place.

The first signal is a puff of wind, followed by various slight disturbances in the loose soil round-about; then it blows harder, and, as if a legion of evil things had been called from the centre of the earth, tiny columns of sand lift themselves, and grow larger and larger and rise higher and higher, like the misty giant Sinbad the Sailor loosed from the great caldron he found in the sea.

These columns have the form of serpents, and all the waving sinuous motions of those terrible creatures. Sometimes they will rise to a height of fifty, sixty, and, if we may believe the testimony of some writers, even two hundred feet. They sweep over immense stretches, sometimes singly, sometimes in groups, gathering size and force as they go, and then, as the wind lowers, diminish, and dwindle into nothingness.

But for the terror of being caught in one of these sand-storms, and being blown and beaten about, and having one's sight and hearing almost destroyed, the phenomenon would be almost as grand as any in nature. One could fancy the evil spirits of the world at play, writhing, twisting, wrestling, and exercising their mighty strength on the play-ground of the desert.—*Harper's Young People.*

ALCOHOL.—We put a drop of alcohol into a man's eye. It poisons it. We try it upon the lining of a living stomach. Again it poisons it. We study, after death, the stomachs of drinking men, and find alcohol produces in regular stages redness, intense congestion, morbid secretions, deeper hurt, destruction of parts, utter ruin. We study its influence upon the health and strength of sailors and soldiers, and find it helps to freeze them in the arctic regions, and exhaust them in the tropics. We watch two regiments on a long march in India, one with and the other without grog, and are driven to the conclusion that even moderate quantities of alcohol weaken the muscles and break the endurance. We visit the training grounds of oarsmen, pedestrians, and prize-fighters, and learn everywhere the same lesson, alcohol is a poison to muscle and brain.—*Dio Lewis.*

MONEY PRIZES.

TO BE GIVEN TO WORKERS FOR THE "NORTHERN MESSENGER."

In addition to the PRIZES OF BOOKS, which will be given on the same principle as found such great favor last year, we this year offer the following MONEY PRIZES:—

The person sending us the largest amount in money for subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER between November 19 (the day on which our offer first appeared) and February 1, 1887, we will give a prize of **TEN DOLLARS;**

To the person sending the second largest amount a prize of **SIX DOLLARS;**

The third largest, **FOUR DOLLARS;**

The fourth largest, **THREE DOLLARS;**

The fifth largest, **TWO DOLLARS;**

The sixth largest, **ONE DOLLAR.**

The list of the BOOKS which we will give we cannot publish in this number, as we have not yet been assured by the publishers that they can supply us with all we may require. Last year a few of the works which we offered "ran out," and consequently disappointment was caused to some of our workers.

We hope to be able to report a very material increase in this season's subscription list, a thing which can readily be accomplished if our friends will go to work with a will, and AT ONCE.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the international Post Office orders at their Post Office, can get, instead, a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and to subscribers.

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THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER," when sent to *one address*, are as follows:—

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